

American Junior Red Cross NEWS



October 1951



FOTO PACHECO

FIVE LITTLE MAIDS IN ECUADOR

IN SCHOOL in Ecuador the children are learning to sew. They are using sewing machines and materials given to them by the American Junior Red Cross, through the National Children's Fund. In this picture five little girls in the Isabel la Católica School No. 2 in Quito, Ecuador, show some of the clothes and other things they have learned to make on one of the sewing machines.

Following the 1949 earthquake in Ecuador the American Junior Red Cross contributed \$25,000 from the National Children's Fund for setting up manual training and sewing classes in the schools of Ecuador. Teachers were trained in the use of the equipment in order that they might best help their pupils.

American Junior Red Cross NEWS

VOLUME 33

OCTOBER 1951

NUMBER 1

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October Notes

Life in School

THE NEWS theme for the year is "We and our community," with special emphasis in the October issue on "life in school." November NEWS will be about "community helpers."

Minneapolis Council

TWO MEMBERS from each classroom in the Calhoun School, Minneapolis, Minn., are chosen to serve on their school's JRC council. The council meets weekly during school time to discuss the progress of its JRC activities and to plan future work.

Popular JRC services at Calhoun include service to shut-ins; production of stuffed toys, tray favors, bean bags, and afghans for hospitals; and packing gift boxes.

Much of the success of the council's planning and the fact that the 800 pupils in Calhoun are active members in Junior Red Cross is due to the enthusiasm of the teacher-sponsor, Miss Dorothy Schumacher.

For Teacher-Sponsors

At the JRC Fair held in the Montebello School, Baltimore, Md., the teacher-sponsors were given gold teacher-sponsor pins so they could always be identified when wearing the pins.

Our Cover

HAVE YOU a JRC council in your school? If so, you know how important it is for the members to get together early in the fall to plan for the year's work. For our cover this month, Dagmar Wilson draws for us a "look-see" through a schoolhouse window at an imaginary JRC council meeting.



A Thought for October

THE GLORY of life is to love, not to be loved; to give, not to get; to serve, not to be served.

—Corrine Hanson.

Enroll for Service

REMEMBER to begin planning in October for your JRC enrollment-for-service campaign, November 1-15. Our aim: Everybody enrolled for service.

—LOIS S. JOHNSON, Editor.

SHELTER IN THE BACKYARD

KATHERINE B. SHIPPEN

Illustrations by Harve Stein

THE HOUSE that Jimmy lived in was just like all the other houses in that block in Brooklyn. It was red brick, with a low flight of steps in front, a little front yard, and a bigger yard in back.

That afternoon he was sitting on the steps of his house. It was October, but it was warm enough just to sit there in the sun and watch the leaves drifting down from the maple trees.

In fact, it was the fourth of October, and that was Jimmy's birthday. It was his birthday, but he was very unhappy, and he had never been unhappy on his birthday before.

Mrs. Shapiro, who lived next door, came down the street with an armful of packages. She was the mother of Reuben and Aaron and Miriam. Jimmy knew them for he went to school with them, but he didn't play with them much. They kept pretty much to themselves.

"Hello, Jimmy," Mrs. Shapiro called. "How's your mother?"

"She's in the hospital," Jimmy answered. "We're going to have a new baby."

"A new baby?" Mrs. Shapiro said. "Why, that will be fine." And she went into the house with her bundles.

"All very fine," Jimmy said to himself gloomily, "but how about my birthday? No decent birthday at all for a boy that's 9 years old. No party, no birthday cake, no presents even."

"We'll celebrate your birthday when your mother gets home with the new baby," his father had said. But when would that be? It wouldn't be on his birthday. And he



didn't really want the new baby to come, anyway.

It seemed to him that the Shapiros were very busy that afternoon. He saw Mr. Shapiro come out of the house and cut several big branches from the maple tree in their yard.

Then, before long, Reuben and Aaron came along with their little express wagon loaded with sticks and branches. Afterwards Miriam came, and he saw apples and squashes in her mother's string shopping bag.

He wondered what they were doing anyway, but he didn't bother to think much about it. He was thinking about the new baby, and about not having any birthday.

ALL AFTERNOON he sat there, not wanting to go and play with the other boys on the block, not wanting to do anything. Finally he got up. Aunt Julie was keeping house till his mother came home. She would be getting supper.

He was just turning to go into his house



Mrs. Shapiro began bringing the hot, spicy supper out of the house into the shelter.

when Mrs. Shapiro came out and called to him.

"Couldn't you come to supper with us tonight?" Mrs. Shapiro called. "It's *Succoth*, you know."

Jimmy didn't know what *Succoth* was. "I'll ask Aunt Julie if I may come," he said.

Aunt Julie said it would be all right for him to go to supper next door, only he mustn't stay too late.

To his surprise the Shapiros didn't have their supper in the dining room that night. They took him right through the kitchen and out into the backyard.

And there in the backyard was a little shelter built of branches, and in the shelter the supper table was spread with a red-and-white tablecloth.

"Come right in, Jimmy," Mr. Shapiro said, "and sit down here." And Mrs. Shapiro, and Reuben, and Aaron, and Miriam all seemed glad to see him.

Jimmy sat down and looked around at

the little house. It was made entirely of branches, right there in the backyard. On the walls the boughs of the maple tree and the other branches were woven in close together, but the weaving of the roof was not so close—you could see patches of sky through the roof.

All over the walls, fruits and vegetables were hung, to make a kind of pattern. There were crookneck squashes, and strings of onions, cucumbers, cabbages, and cauliflower. And on the table before them were great flat trays of fruit—apples and pears and bunches of grapes, piled in heaps.

Pretty soon Mrs. Shapiro began bringing the supper out of the house. It was steaming hot, and very good and spicy.

"Have some of this *gefüllte fish*," Mrs. Shapiro said to him. "Have some of these *knishes*."

Jimmy didn't know exactly what these things were, but he ate them, and he liked them very much.

It began to get dark as they sat there in

the little house, but they had finished their supper, so it didn't matter. They could see the stars twinkling, up between the branches of the roof.

THEN FINALLY Jimmy asked the question that he had been wanting to ask all along.

"Why are we eating our supper out here instead of in the dining room?"

There was a pause. Then Mr. Shapiro answered, sitting there in the shadow.

"It is the custom of the Jews," he said. "It is commanded in the Jewish Law. When Moses brought our people away from Egypt, they spent long years wandering across the desert, and they had no houses to live in. They built themselves shelters out of whatever branches they could find, and the Lord took care of them. . . .

"That's why we build a little house like this every year—to remember how the Lord took care of the children of Israel when they had no houses to live in—"

"I know about Moses," Jimmy said. "But I didn't know they built little houses like this one."

"There must be hundreds of little houses made of boughs in the backyards all through Brooklyn, I suppose," Reuben said. "And people eating their suppers in them."

"Yes, that's true," Mrs. Shapiro added. "And all through the United States and Europe, and wherever Jewish people live."

First Day of School

OLLIE JAMES ROBERTSON

Ding, ding, tingle,
Oh, hear the jingle
Of school bells ringing,
Of children singing,
As they hurry down the street,
Pitter, patter go their feet.
Hello, Mary! Hi there, Paul!
Time for ropes and games of ball,
Time for health and history,
Arithmetic, geography.
This is the day vacation ends,
This is the day that school begins!

"There was one in the synagogue this morning," Miriam said. "It was a beautiful one, made of cornstalks. The rabbi was reading, '*O, give thanks unto the Lord for He is good; for His mercy endureth forever.*'" Miriam's voice was very soft as she spoke the words of the psalm.

"Why, I know that one," Jimmy said. "They say that one in our church, too." He was pleased to think that he knew the same things the Shapiros knew.

JIMMY didn't stay very long after that. "I think I'll have to go home now," he said. "My Aunt Julie said I was not to stay too late."

"Yes," Mrs. Shapiro said, "you'd better go now. Maybe you could come again tomorrow night if you want to. You know, we'll be eating our supper out here every day this week."

"Why, I'd like to," Jimmy said. "I'll come again tomorrow."

He went back through the Shapiros' kitchen and dining room, out through their front gate, and down the street to his house next door.

"It was nice out there," he was saying to himself. "I liked it. I liked the *knishes*. . . . And I can go back tomorrow night."

He climbed up his own front steps, and paused for a moment at the top. It was dark now, but the light from the lamp post shone down softly on the drift of yellow leaves along the pavement. And Jimmy found, as he stood there, that he wasn't unhappy any longer.

He was thinking, "I'm going to ask my mother, when she comes home again, if I can have *Succoth* for my birthday. She won't know what it is, but I'll tell her. I could build a little shelter in our backyard. . . . Maybe I could fix it so there would be room for the baby's crib . . . and maybe we could invite the Shapiros, too!"

Description of foods

gefüllte fish—an appetizer consisting of several varieties of fish, chopped and cooked

knishes—meat or other stuffing wrapped in dough, and fried in fat

"let's go on the air!"

Fade out . . . Speed up . . . Cue . . .

*Cut . . . Stretch it out. . . . What do
these mean to you? You're right, they*

are expressions used in radio broadcasting. Your favorite radio actor must know what the director means when he gives these signals.

Have you ever wondered how radio plays are "put together?" Perhaps some of you have visited a radio station. Then you *know!* Have you ever tried to produce a make-believe radio play right in your own classroom? It can be done. Would you like to learn how? First, what will you need?

1. A story to be made into a script.
2. Actors to act out the script.
3. An announcer to announce the program.
4. A sound-effects director to produce sounds, if needed.
5. A musical director to select and play music, if needed.
6. A director to put the program together.
7. A microphone or two (real or make one yourselves).
8. Perhaps a phonograph.

About the Author

Dorothy Miniace lives in Milwaukee where she is radio consultant at Wisconsin State College. This article is presented in cooperation with Speech Association of America.



You may wish to give your radio play behind a screen so your classmates can hear but not see the actors.

Are you ready to start? You'll need a script, so let's begin by choosing a story to make into a script. You'll need to know three things:

Where to find the story

You might use a short story you read in a magazine.

You might want to use some incidents from a favorite library book.

You might use a short story from one of your own classroom readers.

You might make up a story.

What kind of story is best for radio?

A story which is to be made into radio script needs:

Action (Do things happen?)

Conversation (Do the characters talk a lot?)

Interesting Characters (Are there different kinds of people in your story?)

How to make the story into a radio script

Let's start planning the script. First, decide how many scenes you'll need. Fewer scenes make the play easier to follow. Now decide what should happen in each scene. Each scene should help to keep the story moving.



▲ You might use some incidents from a favorite library book.

Are you all ready to write the parts down? Good! "But how?" you say.

You might have some boys and girls act out the parts and then decide which conversation sounds more real.

Remember to:

Try to make each character sound like a real person.

Describe what is taking place by words or sound. (Your audience cannot see you.) An example of this would be, "My, it's hot in here. Open the window, will you, Bill?" (Sound of window going up.)

Describe the characters, if possible. For example: "Look at that little black dog wagging his tail"; or "How did I get all this mud on my face and hands?"

Now you're ready to put the scenes together with "bridges." These "bridges" can be musical selections which fit the mood of your play; an announcer can tell what will happen next, or you can simply have the voices of the characters "fade out."

It is best to have the script typed so it will be easy to read.

Places for music and sound should be written in and underlined.

Acting out the script

Are you ready to begin to act out your script? Good. Where's the director?

Has he placed the microphones (real or make-believe) so the actors can see him? He must give them signals, you know.

Has he told the actors which mikes they are to speak into?

Do all the actors have a copy of the script? Are all the pages in order? Has each actor circled his part in black or colored pencil? This helps the actor to keep his place.

When actors are ready, the director should point his finger directly at the person who is to begin. (This is "the cue.")

All should try to watch the director very closely. He may have to signal someone to "speed up" or "stretch out" the reading of

The director points at the person who is to begin the broadcast. ▼



Illustrations by JANE CASTLE



It's fun to try your originality in producing sounds for your own broadcasts.

the lines, to make the time come out right.

After the actors are familiar with their parts, the sound effects director can begin to use sound. Records are available upon which sounds have been recorded, such as

the sound of a train, automobiles in traffic, airplanes, a boat whistle, fog horn.

It is fun, however, to try your originality in producing sounds for your own broadcasts.

The musical director can begin to use music as soon as the cast is familiar with the sound effects. The music should, if possible, describe the story or action.

When the speaking parts, sound, and music have all been put together, you are ready to present your play. You may wish to give it behind a screen so your classmates can *hear* but not *see* the play. Or you may wish to give the play before the class so all may watch how a radio play is put together.

Are you ready? Okay. Let's start. The director points his finger at the announcer to begin. The announcer gives the name of your make-believe station, tells about the program; the musical director receives a signal to start the music; the actors begin to act out the story, and, at last, you're "on the air!"

(Watch for "Wishes Take Wings," a radio script about Junior Red Cross by Dorothy Miniace, in November NEWS.)

"We don't forget—"

WE DON'T FORGET—we received gift boxes, now we send them." With these words Irene Plotnikoff and Aron Gottlieb of Pasteur Junior High School, Los Angeles, Calif., recalled the joy such boxes gave them during the 4 years they spent in displaced persons camps in Europe.

The two Polish-born refugee children who recently came to America are pictured here as they took part in a broadcast over their school's loud-speaker system. The broadcast was held to publicize a gift box drive.

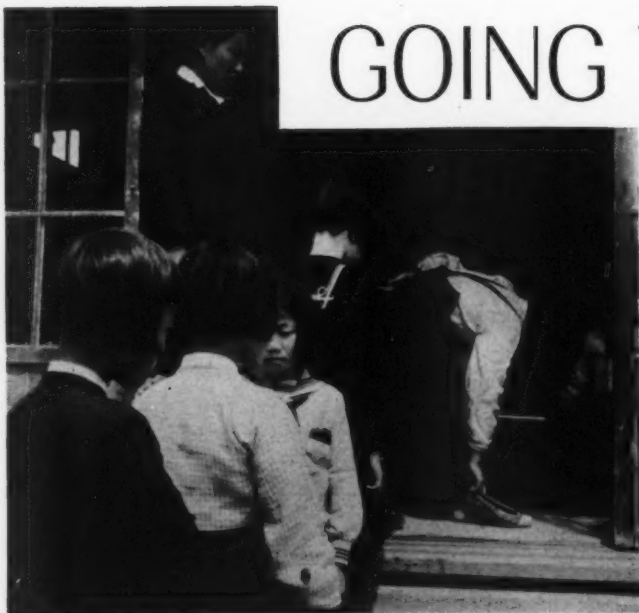
Irene closed her speech by saying: "I am very happy to thank all the boys and girls for making someone as happy as they made me, and to show that I am glad to be one of them, I am filling a box myself." Aron also thanked the students for helping the children of Europe.



PHOTO MILES BERNÉ

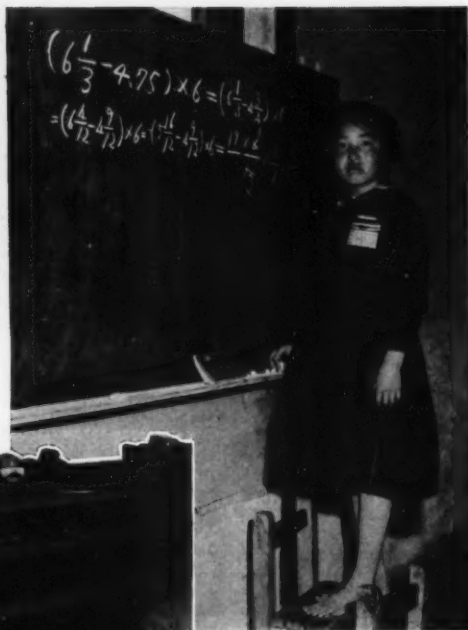
GOING TO SCHOOL

in the FAR EAST



▲ KOREA—This is one of the few schools open in this war-racked country. Note that children remove shoes before entering.

ARC PHOTO BY O'LEARY



▲ KOREA — Ahn Kum Ha, "smartest pupil" in Class 5, Nam Pook Grammar School in Tae-gu, solves an arithmetic problem at black-board. The small girls stand on their chairs to reach the board. Note bare feet.



▲ PHILIPPINES—Outside the entrance to a school, children park their shoes and go barefoot to their classes.

▲ JAPAN—A school class group visits a shrine on Saturday.

JAPAN—Tokyo girls prepare a correspondence album in reply to one received at their school from Public School 92, New York City.



NEW BOY—

By GLADYS M. RELYEA

Illustrations by
Dorothy Papy



The children stared at
the NEW BOY. Some of them
laughed at his funny name . . .

*It was the first day of school in the
little Long Island town of Sound Har-
bor. In the red-brick building near the
Town Hall, Miss Peters was calling the
fifth-grade roll:*

"Bobby Adams . . . Judy Benson . . .
Ernest Crantz . . . Rosie Dabin . . . Pome-
roy Dittles. . ."

Pomeroy, sitting stiff and scared in the
last seat in the last row, cleared his throat.
"Good mornin', ma'am," he said at last in
a soft drawl.

He heard a giggle from somewhere near
him. Down went his dark head. Why, oh
why, hadn't he said "here" as the others
had? He had planned to, but somehow at
the last moment he had answered as he
had been taught to in his school down in
Virginia.

Miss Peters smiled at Pomeroy. The

boys and girls turned in their seats and
stared at him. Some of them laughed at
his funny name and at the funny way he
had spoken.

"We're glad to have you with us this
year, Pomeroy," said Miss Peters. "I know
we'll have all sorts of questions to ask you
about Virginia."

Then she went on calling the roll: "Elean-
nor Garth . . . Alice Kovacs. . ."

Pomeroy breathed a long sigh and slid
down in his seat. It was certainly hard
being a new boy way up here in the north,
he thought.

At recess, he ran outdoors with the other
boys, hoping to get to know them better.
He felt relieved when they asked him to
play "one-a-cat" with them. He had been
one of the best players in his old school.

Although Pomeroy had lived in Sound
Harbor since May, it had been too late for
him to start school then. And since, he
had been busy helping his father with his
new duck farm, so he didn't know any of
the boys and girls or how they played their
games. So he played "one-a-cat" in the
Virginia way and his team lost the game.

That afternoon when it was time to go
home, Judy Benson asked, "Why don't you

skate back and forth to school? You live so far away."

Pomeroy looked down at his feet in their new shoes. "I . . . I can't skate," he stammered.

Judy looked surprised. The boys and girls who were listening nudged each other. They walked away laughing. Everyone else could skate. It was easy.

Pomeroy pretended not to notice them and started his long walk home.

When he got to Pine Beach, he stopped to play "birdstalker," one of his favorite Virginia games. A step at a time, and very quietly, he moved closer and closer to the seagulls and sandpipers that were feeding on the wet sand. But no matter how carefully he moved, they flew up and away almost at once.

Discouraged, Pomeroy walked up from the beach and climbed out on an old pier that jutted into the Atlantic Ocean. Usually there were boys and girls diving from it. He wished he knew how to dive, but the waves and deep water frightened him. And there was so much water, miles and miles of it, so different from the little creek where he had gone swimming back home.

He walked on to his new home. Willie Mae, his 4-year-old sister, ran out to meet him. On the porch, his mother looked up from her mending. "How did you like your new school, Pomeroy?" she asked.

"All right," said Pomeroy, not wanting to worry her, "but I sure wish I had a pair of skates."

"It is a long way, son, but you know how tight we are for money right now."

Pomeroy nodded. He knew that moving was expensive.

He ran out to the backyard. "Hey, Daddy!" he called. "I'm back from school."

"Hey, Pomeroy!" answered his father from inside one of the duckhouses. "How'd you get along with the new boys?"

"All right," drawled Pomeroy, "but I sure wish I could talk like they do . . . and I wish I knew how to play their games . . . and I wish I had some skates. . . ."

"Whoa, there!" laughed his father. "Remember. . . . 'Grain by grain, the hen fills her crop.'"

Pomeroy grinned. Then he went on telling his father about school while he helped feed and water the hundreds of sleek, white ducks.

When they had finished, Pomeroy worked in his garden for a while. He was proud of his garden. He kept it well-watered, and no weed dared to grow between the long, straight rows. Soon he would have a fine crop to harvest.

THE NEXT DAY, Miss Peters spoke to the class about the Sunday afternoon picnic at Pine Beach.

"I know you'll remember your lunches and bathing suits," she said, "but don't forget you must each bring, also, a summer souvenir to tell us about."

"Will a piece of petrified wood from Arizona be good?" asked Ernest Crantz.

"I'll bring a collection of travel postcards," said Eleanor Garth.

"I made a scooter" . . . "I'll show you some cotton." . . . Everyone was excited.

Everyone talked at once. Everyone but Pomeroy. He hadn't made a trip anywhere in the summer. And he hadn't collected or built anything. He'd been too busy helping his father. What could he take to the picnic?

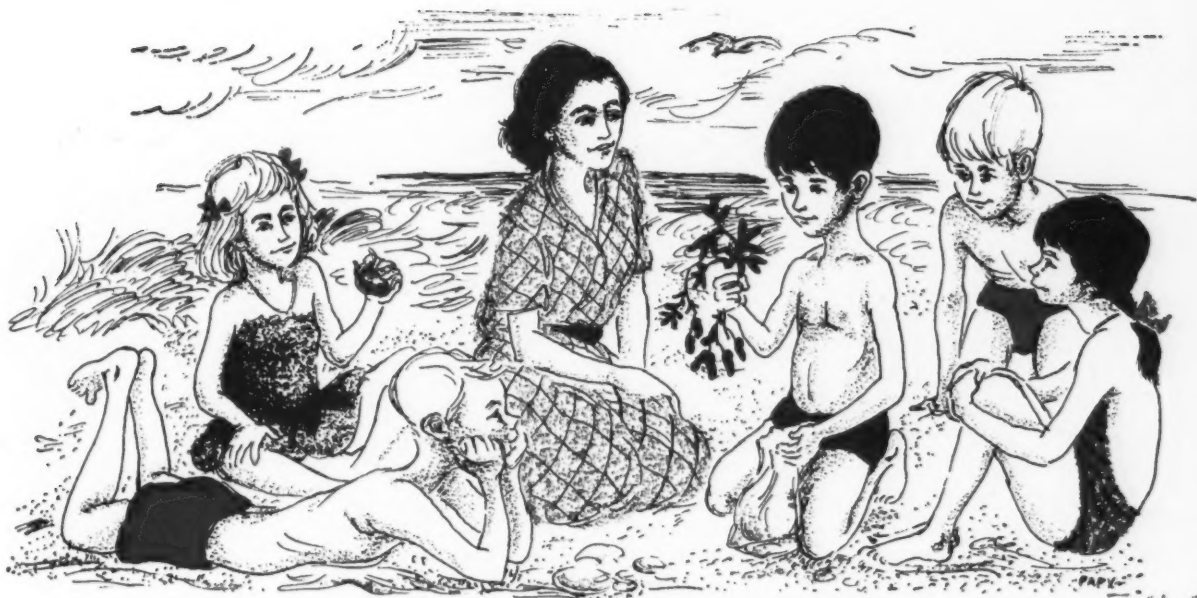
All day Saturday while he worked, he worried about it. And after supper, sitting on the porch, he was still worrying.

His father said, "Why don't you take one of the little coops you made for me?"

And his mother said, "I could fix you a mess of roast duck."

"You can take one of my kittens," said Willie Mae.





Very slowly, and not wanting to at all, Roy pulled out the long scraggly plant and gave it to Miss Peters.

"But those things aren't mine," said Pomeroy. "Everybody else will take things that are their very own."

On Sunday Pomeroy woke up still trying to figure out his problem. One o'clock came, and time to leave for Pine Beach.

He stood on the back steps with his lunch and his bathing trunks. He looked at the row of duckhouses and at his mother's vegetable garden. Nothing there that was all his. Then he looked at his own garden. Maybe he would tell about that! Carefully he pulled up one of its plants, roots and all, and put it into the bag with his lunch.

When he got to Pine Beach, he saw that most of the others were already in the water.

Pomeroy went into the bathhouse and put on his trunks. Then he ran down to the water and bravely waded in. Suddenly he felt something soft hit his leg and cling to it. He yelled and ran out of the water. A round mass of yellow jelly slid off his leg.

"Pomeroy's scared of a jellyfish," the children laughed, "and it's such a baby one!"

"Come on out now, class," called Miss Peters. "Time to eat."

Everyone ran up the beach and grabbed his lunch. Then they settled down in little groups of best friends. For a moment

Pomeroy stood alone. He was still the new boy. Maybe no one wanted to eat with him.

Then both Bobby and Judy called to him. And right away, Pomeroy felt good . . . and very hungry. Quickly, so no one would see it, he pushed his plant down to the bottom of the bag. Maybe Miss Peters would forget to call on him.

When they had eaten, and there was still an hour before they could safely go into the water again, Miss Peters said, "Now let's hear about your summer souvenirs. Who wants to be first?"

"Let the new boy tell," several of the children called out.

Pomeroy clutched his lunch bag with the wilted plant in it. The children were curious, watching everything he did.

Very slowly, and not wanting to at all, Pomeroy pulled out the long scraggly plant and gave it to Miss Peters.

"What is this, Pomeroy?" she asked, surprised. Then she looked at the plant more carefully. "Why, class, look! It's a peanut plant with the peanuts still on it!"

"Yes, ma'am," said Pomeroy. "That's the only thing I had to bring."

"You mean that you raised it right here in Sound Harbor? This summer?"

"Yes, ma'am, we saved out some seed nuts from last year's crop and brought 'em north with us."

"Peanuts! Oh, boy!" said Rosie. "But I always thought they grew on trees."

"I thought they came from India because of the elephants," joked Alice. "Are these good to eat?"

"They sure are, and mighty sweet," said Pomeroy, "but I like them best roasted."

He was surprised at how excited they all were about his summer souvenir. After all, it was only a little old goober plant.

"Got ten rows of peanuts," he said, bragging a little. "And they're just about ready to take up."

"Could we see them?"

"You could walk home with me this evenin'," Pomeroy said.

Miss Peters said, "That's a fine idea, Pomeroy, but now let's hear about the other summer souvenirs."

After all the stories had been told and the souvenirs had been passed around, every one went swimming again.

Some of the boys made a swing with their arms and carried Pomeroy out into the deeper water. Then, splash! They dumped him in. He *had* to swim. "Willikers, it's *easier* in salt water," he gasped.

Carefully Roy scraped away the sandy soil from around the roots of the vines.



Afterwards, everyone dried off by playing "one-a-cat" on the sand. First they played the northern way. Then one of the boys said, "Say, Roy, how about showing us how they play it down South?"

Pomeroy grinned and threw back his shoulders. Roy! They had called him Roy! He had a northern name now.

THE WHOLE CLASS walked up to the duck farm later in the afternoon. Roy felt proud as his father showed them through the neat white coops. His mother pointed out the Virginia vegetables in her garden.

"Where are those peanuts of yours?" Bobby asked. "I've looked everywhere."

"Hey, you're not but 5 feet from them!" Roy laughed.

"Those old scraggly vines? Where are the peanuts?"

Roy carefully scraped away the sandy soil from around the roots of the vines. Then he let everyone see the peanuts clinging to the little stems that hung down from the main stem.

"When the flower dies, it bends down and buries itself and then the peanut grows," he explained. "That's why you have to keep the ground so soft and without weeds."

"Now can we help pull up the vines?" asked Judy.

"All right," said Roy, "but pull them gentle-like or the nuts will stay in the ground."

The class had fun, pulling up the plants and eating a raw peanut now and then.

As the children were leaving, Roy's mother said, "We'd be glad to have you come to a picnic here 3 weeks from today. The nuts will be dry by then and you can roast some for yourselves."

The class had a good time on their peanut-roasting picnic. And Roy had a surprise when he heard that the school wanted to buy all of his peanuts for the Halloween party.

"Oh, boy! I'm goin' to buy me a pair of skates," he said. "Then I can sleep later in the mornin'."

The boys and girls laughed, and Roy joined in. It was powerful good—no, it was *super*—not to feel like a new boy any longer.

These pictures show some of the ways that New Boy (in the story on page 11) was used to seeing peanuts harvested down South.



PHOTO BY RELYEA

▲ Workers at right are forking vines with peanuts on them into a thresher.



PHOTO BY RELYEA

▲ Only part of the intricate machinery of thresher can be seen above.



PHOTO BY RELYEA

◀ Close-up shows boy filling baskets from thresher chute. Then men will carry basket to burlap bags.

U. S. D. A. PHOTO BY FORSYTHE



▲ Peanuts just out of the picking machine are piled up in field bins formed by baled peanut hay.

Peanuts are weighed as they come from the picker in a field in Alabama. ➤

U. S. D. A. PHOTO BY FORSYTHE



MARCELLA HELLER tells how American school children in Germany, whose fathers are stationed there, learn about fire safety just as you do.

it happens in Germany, too —

BOBBY could hardly wait to tell the news to his friends at the American school in Stuttgart, Germany.

"We had a fire, right by our house!" he said, importantly, as soon as he stepped from the big Army school bus.

All the others crowded around with questions. Did the firemen come? Did the house burn down? Was there lots of smoke, and did the German family get hurt?

They were still excited when they walked into the first grade room.

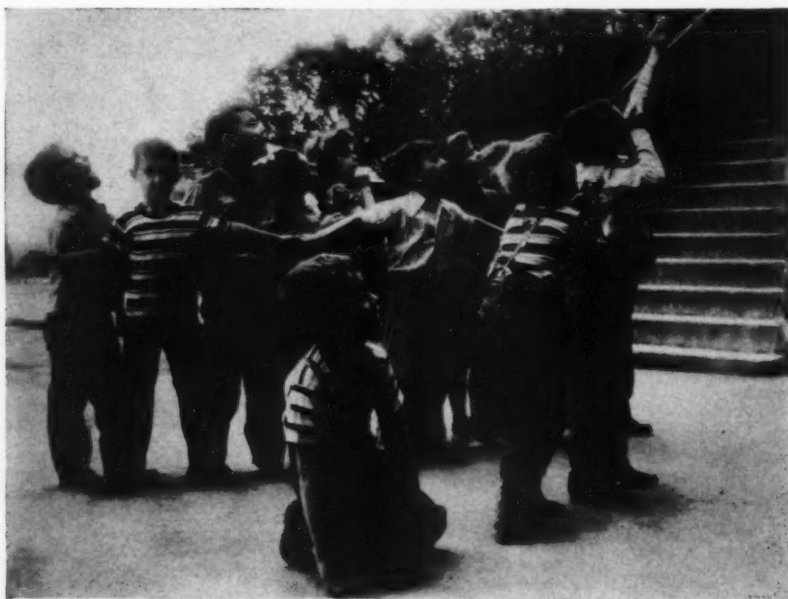
"Now, children, is a good time to talk about what we can do when there is a fire,"

said Miss Virginia Lloyd, who had taught them all year. "Let's practice some of the things which will be important."

There had been many fire drills during the year at their school, so they knew which doors to use, and how to walk quickly down the right side of the stairs and on out to the playground.

If they discovered a fire at home, they would tell an older person. Perhaps they could help turn in an alarm, too.

"There's an alarm box on our street, right by the mailbox," offered Peggy. "It has a glass and, inside, a button to push."



First graders stage a make-believe fire at their American school in Stuttgart, Germany. "Policemen" tell the crowd to stand back and give the "firemen" room for their heavy fire hose.

"And the fire engine's red, just like home. There's one that's so old, it doesn't have a siren, just a big bell and a loud horn that goes all the time, toot-a-toot, a-toot-a-toot!"

"We could use the telephone, too," Norman said, "and the big fire engine would come from the Kaserne on the hill. That's



This is a German fire alarm box. The fireman shows Neil Benoit where to break the glass.

where my daddy works." The Kaserne is the Army post.

Feuer is the German word for fire, and all the first grade practiced saying it. It sounds very much like our own word, so they know that anyone would understand them.

Then Miss Lloyd told them they must never get in the way of the fire engine and the firemen. Fred and Shelvia played policemen, and joined hands to hold back the others while three of the boys acted as firemen, whose job was to point a make-

believe fire hose at the "burning" building.

"Remember all the fireworks on New Year's Eve in Germany?" asked Miss Lloyd. "They call it *Sylvesterfeuer* for St. Sylvester. Does anyone know what to do if your clothing should catch fire from a spark?"

Jean's hand went up. "I do! One day I went to see Gerda, a German girl who lives next door. She was playing with matches, and one fell on her dress and started to burn. Her mother wrapped her up right away in a big coat. The dress didn't burn much at all."

Miss Lloyd suggested, "Norman, will you bring one of the army blankets which we use at rest period? And Dianne, let's pretend you were standing too close to a bonfire, and your dress caught fire."

As they practiced wrapping Dianne in the blanket, Miss Lloyd explained that this smothered the fire, because fire needs air.

"I'm glad we talked about fires this morning," Bobby told Miss Lloyd at recess. "Yesterday, I was pretty scared when I saw that fire. But now I know more about what to do."

By rolling Dianne Snedeker quickly in a blanket, Norman Sassner shows how to take care of her burning dress.





▲ FLORIDA—JRC members in Delaney School, Orange County Chapter, Orlando, inspect boxes to be sent overseas.



IN SCHOOL—
we pack

New Gift Box—

FILLING gift boxes has long been a favorite bit of service in Junior Red Cross. Last year over 280,000 of these "messengers of good will" were packed in the schools of the United States for shipment overseas.

This year the box has been redesigned and the size changed as pictured above. It will be more fun than ever to fill these gay little red and blue decorated boxes with the word "Greetings" on the top of each. We are grateful to the Raymond Loewy Associates, New York City, for contributing the new design.

GREECE—Pupils of a school in Drama receive gift boxes from America. ➤





PHOTO BY TOM W. COLLINS

▲ **TEXAS**—Assembly line makes it easy for boys and girls from Ben Milam and Travis Schools, Dallas, to pack over 2000 gift boxes.



DAVE PACKWOOD PHOTO

▲ **CALIFORNIA**—Chief Petty Officer James H. Burney, USN, ret., served his country in 3 wars. He came to Los Angeles Chapter to meet the JRC twins, Barbara Ann and Barbara Jean Haney, who help fill gift boxes at 52nd St. School. The twins' motto is GIVE DOUBLE.

k gift boxes

FOR OVERSEAS



▲ **JAPAN**—Youngsters look over each other's gifts from faraway friends in America. "M-m-m, that soap smells good . . ."

◀ **GERMANY**—This picture of children opening AJRC gift boxes was taken from a correspondence album sent to America by a school in Furth Bayern.

"putting the NEWS to bed"

LYDIA CLAWSON HOOPES tells how your magazine is made.

Did you ever hear of "putting a magazine to bed"? That's what printers say when they "make" your JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS.

It's fun to watch! But it takes more than the jiffy you take to brush your teeth and hop in bed. And they're busy for days!

You can see them at work in these pictures. It takes many skilled craftsmen to produce this little magazine. Your editors start it off. They choose the best from dozens of pictures and stories. Then

PHOTOS BY ANKERS
The printer is "making up" page 8 of this issue of the NEWS, assembling type and picture-cuts into a page form.



they fashion them into a pattern for each page and send the layout to the printers.

Let's pretend you follow! At the printing plant you'll hear the roar and thunder of the great presses; see marvelous machines do in a flash what your great-great-grandfathers took hours to do by hand.

Listen to the click of the linotype machine! With a keyboard much like a typewriter, it flips out a long, solid slug of type in a matter of seconds. When a key is pressed, a mat (the mold for a type character) drops onto a bar. Instantly, liquid metal is "shot" into it and presto!—out comes a line of type, right after the last key is struck for the line.

It's fascinating to see the printer assemble type and picture-cuts into page forms. He works with big iron frames at a huge table called a stone. Each page must be filled with "furniture," extra metal pieces to hold the type tightly in place.

Next an enormous roll of paper is threaded into the machine. Each roll will print over ten thousand books (a 24-page section)—more than you'll probably read in sixty years.

Now comes the big thrill! The low rumbling noise rises to a terrific roar and the press begins to roll. Racing up, around,



▲ This huge press on which the NEWS is printed turns out 15,000 copies an hour.

and down in the gigantic machine, the paper is printed on both sides and in two colors. Again it soars up through the monster and is cut by sharp disks.

Then each section takes off in a different

direction but, like a miracle, it finally comes down and out—all 24 pages put together and neatly folded.

It's a wonder to see one roll of paper end and the next glued to it automatically. Not

Copies of the magazine click rapidly along on an assembly line which staples the pages together.▼





▲Magazines are wrapped for mailing in wrappers which have been addressed and sorted by states. Wrapped copies are placed in mailsacks to be taken to post office.

for an instant does the press slow down.

In all this din of noise the magazine has "gone to bed!" But it isn't out yet. It must have a cover.

Have you noticed the racket of the smaller presses? Look!—you'll see mechanical fingers work with lightning speed, feeding large, flat sheets of paper into other machines. These print several colors, one over the other, for beautiful cover-pictures. One press prints two, the next adds two more colors, then quickly cuts and folds it.

Soon you'll see copies of the NEWS riding along a rod like charms on a bracelet. This smart machine puts the 24-page book inside the cover section. Quick as a wink, it stitches them together with thin wire and

trims the pages evenly. It can even catch a torn or damaged one and will toss it right out.

The final wrapping and mailing of the JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS is like a special "good night"—486,000 copies every month.

In addition, the NEWS is translated into Spanish especially for Junior Red Cross members in Puerto Rico, and selections from the NEWS are transcribed into Braille for the schools for the blind in the United States. Both of these projects are financed by the National Children's Fund.

2 + 26 = Features, Finds, Fun

BETWEEN the 2 covers of the NEWS you will find 26 pages of pictures and stories planned to give you information and ideas for class work and JRC activities.

● *Do you want a good story to read? or to dramatize or tell aloud to the class?*

Then, turn to—

“Shelter in the Backyard” (page 4).

“New Boy” (page 11).

“The Little Red Caboose” (page 24).

● *Would you like to know how to put on a radio play right in your own classroom?* The article on page 7 gives many helpful hints.

● *Do you need information for a class report?*

Peanut industry (page 15).

Publishing a magazine (page 20).

Americans in Germany learn about fire safety (page 16).

● *Do you want ideas for your Junior Red Cross?*

Gift boxes (pages 18-19).

Earning enrollment money (page 27).

Halloween fun, JRC way (page 26).

● *Do you have a bulletin board that needs new pictures and information?*

Halloween pictures (page 26).

Enrollment for service (pages 1, 28).

Gift boxes (pages 18-19).

Map on which you locate every place mentioned in the October NEWS.

How the NEWS is made (pages 20-22).

● *Do you need program ideas for a school assembly or P.T.A. meeting?*

Retell stories.

Make up a play from one of the stories.

Plan a quiz on the October NEWS.

Have a “Did you know—?” program based on information in the NEWS.

Explain in a short talk how the NEWS can be used in reading, in language arts, and in social studies.

● *How about writing a poem or story of something your class has done in JRC?* If your teacher thinks it is your very best work, then ask her to give it to your chapter chairman of JRC for mailing to the editor of the NEWS.

UNITED NATIONS DAY

In HONOR OF United Nations Day, which is observed throughout the world each year on October 24, Junior Red Cross members of Washington School, Holland, Mich., presented a combined Red Cross-UN program.

Their script was based upon thank-you letters

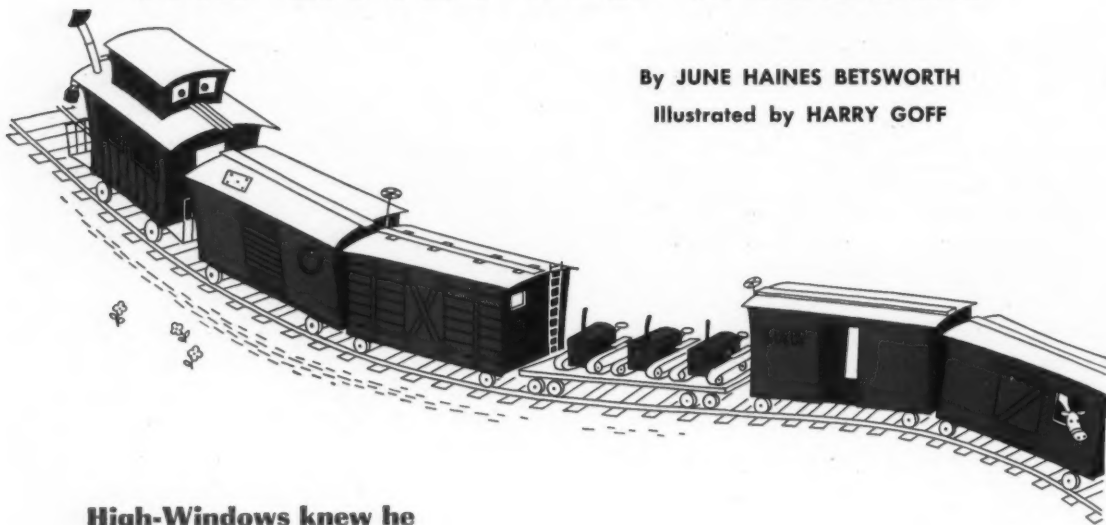
from countries to which JRC gift boxes had been sent. The actors are pictured here in their costumes representing the various nations, each child holding a gift box. The play was also presented in other schools of Ottawa County during UN Week.



THE LITTLE RED CABOOSE

By JUNE HAINES BETSWORTH

Illustrated by HARRY GOFF



**High-Windows knew he
alone could save the train!**

CLACKETY, clack. Clackety, clack. Little High-Windows, the red caboose, rolled along behind the great freight train up the hill, around the curve, through the tunnel, over the bridge, and across the valley to the next town.

Each day High-Windows made a run to the next town and a run back home to his station.

High-Windows would look out of his high windows, down on the other cars of the train, and wonder why he had to stick up so tall and get all the smoke from the engine and all of the wind in his face.

One afternoon when High-Windows was clackety, clacking along on his trip to the next town, the sky blackened as black as licorice. Big, dark clouds came down to hug all the cars in the train. High-Windows was feeling sorry for himself, as usual.

"It's very unfair that I have to follow all of these other cars!" grumbled High-Windows to himself. "It's even more unfair that my windows have to stick up so high into this windy storm!"

"Clackety, clack. Clackety, clack—" clicked the wheels under little High-Windows. It began to rain. Crrrrrash! The

thunder started and the lightning flashed.

The little red caboose was squinting out of his high windows—blinking his eyes each time an extra large drop of rain lashed against his forehead and bounced off his nose. Suddenly, a flash of lightning seemed to break open the sky.

For the tiniest part of a minute, High-Windows could see all of the cars quite clearly in the light. It was then that he noticed the big yellow tractor, on the brown flat car, slide across the car up against another tractor!

"Wow!" cried High-Windows. "One of the cables must have broken! We are in trouble!"

He knew that in a second or two they would be speeding down the steep hill on the other side of the mountain, and if the tractor fell off it might pull the other tractors with it and get caught under the wheels and derail the whole train! What a wreck it would cause!

High-Windows knew he must do something and do it quickly. Some of the newer cabooses could telephone the engine to stop. But High-Windows had no telephone.

"I've just got to stop this train some way,

so *that* tractor can be lashed down again. I know! I'll light one of these red lanterns stored down on my floor here."

He grabbed the red lantern and waved it back and forth above his head. If the engine could see it in time, everything would be okay.

Then came a lightning flash.

"They've seen my lantern! They've seen my lantern!" cried the little red caboose.

And indeed the old engine had—so had all the other cars, who began to put on their brakes.

"What's the matter?" called back the orange box car.

"Why did you stop us, High-Windows?" asked the black tank car.

Everybody knew that High-Window's signal—a red lantern waving back and forth across the tracks—meant *stop—danger!*

And they had stopped—just in time, too. For, as the last wheel stopped moving, the yellow tractor bounced against the last holding cable, broke it, and leaped off the brown flat car, dragging two other tractors with it down into the deep, black ravine below.

The other cars saw it happen and knew at that instant that High-Windows had saved the train.

The engine tooted back to High-Windows: "Toooooot, toot. Good work, High-Windows!"

"We are sure glad you were watching out of those high windows!" yelled the yellow refrigerator car. "We would all be in the gulley if you hadn't stopped us in time."

And all the other cars had to congratulate High-Windows for saving the train. The little red caboose felt very happy. He knew how important he was after all.

Never again would he be sad when the wind and rain got in his eyes. He knew his high windows were, perhaps, the most important windows on the whole freight train!

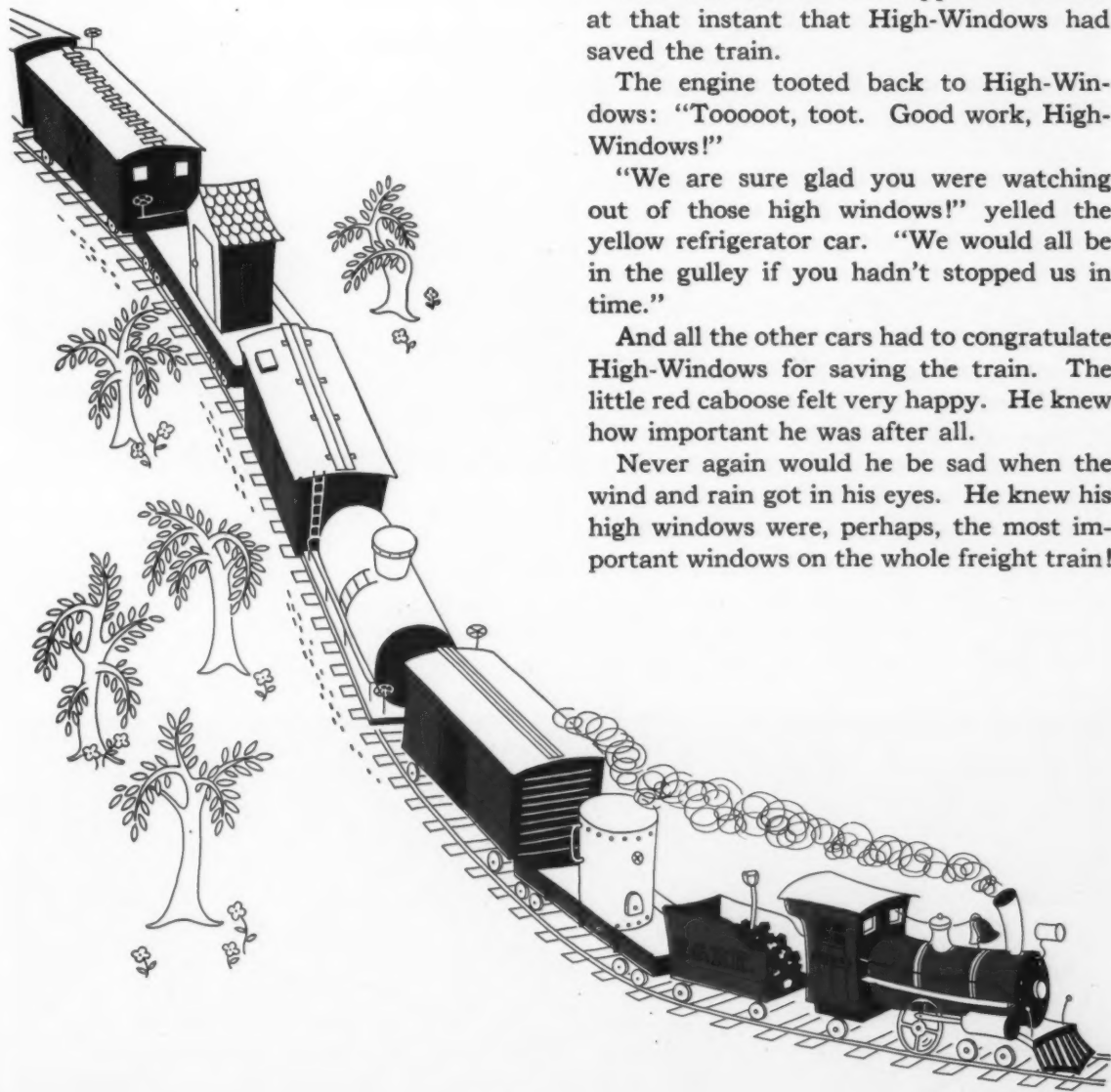




PHOTO ART COMMERCIAL STUDIOS

▲WE HAD FUN making decorations for Halloween party at a veterans hospital (Officers of JRC elementary council, Portland, Oreg.)

PHOTO BY PETER FERMAN

WE'RE GLAD that our tray favors brought joy to boys and girls like these at city hospital (JRC members, St. Louis, Mo.) ➤



WE FASTENED our tray favors to meat skewers, then when they were placed on servicemen's trays, the favors were stuck into Halloween apples (North School, Waukegan, Ill.) ▼



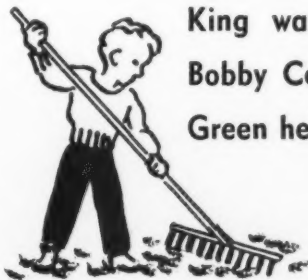
busy first-graders

**How first graders in Lawrence, Kansas
earned money for Junior Red Cross**

Charles Souders watered his chickens. Linda Elbs took care of her sister. Louise Zieske helped with the dishes.



Bobby Strunk dried the dishes. Jimmy Waggoner fed his kittens. Millie Higgins cleaned the yard. Freddie Patterson helped his daddy with the wood. Mona Gibler helped her mother sweep the floor. Jimmy Brewer dried the dishes. David Allen helped feed the horses at grandmother's. Loretta Porter cleaned her room. Sharon O'Connell fed Be'be, her dog. Frances Williams helped with the dishes. Edward King washed and dried the dishes. Bobby Corwin raked the yard. Larry Green helped wash and dry the dishes.



Russell Stevens picked up the spilled nuts. Kenneth Wakefield made his bed. Marilyn cleaned the house for her mother. Dick Osborne helped his mother bring the clothes in. Cheryl Bowman dried the dishes. Barbara Winslow made the beds.



Pictures by IRIS WHITE



ENROLL FOR SERVICE

A CLEVER STUNT to get up interest at Junior Red Cross enrollment time was used by Gallaher School, Huntington, West Va. On a bulletin board in the main hall of the school, they had a large picture of Donald Duck holding brightly colored balloons by red strings. As each room became enrolled in Junior Red Cross, the balloon representing it was blown up.

In this picture William Harding, JRC president, is shown presenting a check to Nancy Stillman, secretary-treasurer, as the drive closed with the school enrolled 100 percent. Last year's council officers, Colly Welty (left) and Dorothy Coats, look on with happy smiles.

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